Chapter 1

“Ahh… where am I?”

Melissa slowly opened her eyes, her head spinning with confusion. “I don’t understand what’s happening… maybe I’m dreaming,” she murmured to herself.

She sat up and looked around.

The room was unfamiliar—luxurious beyond anything she had ever seen. It was furnished with elegant black leather sofas, a sleek glass table, and glossy tiled floors. The walls were beautifully finished, and the ceiling was decorated with a modern design. An air conditioner hummed softly above, cooling the room. Everything about the place felt expensive… and strange. Fear gripped her chest.

“Who brought me here?” she whispered, her voice trembling. “Oh God… what have I done to deserve this?”

Tears streamed down her cheeks as panic overwhelmed her. She began crying loudly, hitting the sofa with her fists in desperation. Outside the room, one of the guards turned to his boss.

“Boss, the girl is crying. She must be awake now—and it sounds like she’s breaking things.”

Marshall, who had been resting on his bed, opened his eyes slowly.

“Alright,” he said calmly. “Send Sam to check on her. Tell him to make sure she keeps quiet. We don’t want unnecessary noise here.”

“Yes, Boss.”

Moments later, Sam opened the door forcefully.

“Hey! Stop that!” he barked.

Melissa flinched, startled. “Who are you? What do you want from me? Please… just let me go!”

Sam looked at her coldly. “My name doesn’t matter. The Boss says you should stop making noise. This isn’t your home where you can behave however you like.”

“Who is your boss? Why am I here?” she cried.

“That’s none of your concern,” he replied harshly. “Sit down and keep quiet. If you continue acting like this, you’ll regret it.”

Melissa swallowed her fear.

“I understand… but please, I just want to speak to your boss.”

Sam studied her for a moment.

“Calm down first. Sit properly and wipe your tears.”

“I’ve done that,” she said softly, quickly wiping her face. “Please… I just want to talk to him.”

“Fine. I’ll inform him,” Sam replied. “But you’d better behave. There are cameras in this room.”

“I understand.”

He left, locking the door behind him.

Melissa sat silently on the sofa, her heart pounding. Her mind raced with fear and confusion.

"How did I get here?", she wondered. "And how am I ever going to get out?"

Then another thought struck her—one far more terrifying.

"Oh Moris!…, If he finds out I’m missing,” she whispered to herself, “he might kill my parents…”

Tears filled her eyes again.

“Oh God… why is my life like this?” she cried softly. “I thought things were finally getting better…”

She lowered her head, defeated.

“I wish Marshie were here…” she murmured. “He would have protected me.”

❤ Chapter 2

Morning arrived slowly, but peace did not follow it. Moris stood by the window, a pipe between his fingers, the faint scent of smoke curling into the air. His thoughts were not calm—they were restless, possessive, and deeply fixed on one person.

“Godfrey,” he said quietly, without turning around, “go and tell Dinie I want to see how my bride looks in her dress. I need to know if it suits her… or if we should find something more worthy.”

“Yes, Boss,” Godfrey replied, stepping out immediately.

There was something in Moris’s voice—something that sounded less like love, and more like ownership. Godfrey walked down the corridor toward the women’s rooms. It was still early, and most of them were asleep, exhausted from the preparations of the wedding. He knocked lightly before entering Dinie’s room. Inside the room, the girls were still lying in bed, their faces showing traces of fatigue. Dinie stirred as the door opened, her eyes widening in surprise.

“Goda? What’s wrong?” she asked, sitting up.

“Where is Mellisa?” he asked quickly. “Isn’t she in her room?”

“I… I left her sleeping,” Dinie replied, suddenly uneasy. “I checked on her around midnight…”

Goda’s expression darkened. “You’ve made a serious mistake. The makeup team is already here. The Boss thinks everything is ready.”

A wave of panic rushed through Dinie.

“Let’s go,” she said, jumping out of bed. “We need to check her room—now.”

The two rushed down the corridor, their footsteps echoing with urgency.When they opened the door…in Silence. The room was empty.

“Dinie…” Goda whispered, his voice shaking. “She’s not here.”

“Maybe she’s in the bathroom,” Dinie said quickly, though her voice lacked confidence.

But even as she spoke, Goda’s eyes had already fallen on something else.

Immediately Goda saw a note. It lay on the bed, cold and deliberate.He picked it up slowly, his hands trembling as he read:

“A.M is done. Don’t worry, Moris—this is just a warning. Check… but be ready for checkmate.”

His breath caught and his hands where shivering like reeds in a river.

“Aaah—!” he gasped, his eyes widening in horror.

Dinie returned just in time to see his reaction.

“What is it?” she asked, snatching the paper from his hands. As her eyes scanned the message, the colour drained from her face. Her body gave in before her mind could react. Suddenly ,She collapsed. Chaos followed instantly. People rushed in, voices rising, panic spreading like wildfire. Blood slowly appeared beneath Dinie, her body unable to withstand the shock.

But outside…The truth was far worse. Goda ran out of the lodge, his heart pounding violently. What he saw froze him completely. The gatekeeper—tied up., the Waiters —bound and helpless. Three were deadly injured and other Security guards were dead.

Four of Moris’s men lay lifeless on the ground, their bodies scattered across the lawn. The silence around them was heavy, broken only by the distant hum of morning. This was not just a disappearance.It was a message.

Without wasting another second, Goda ran back inside and headed straight for Moris. Inside his room, Moris was calm—too calm. Soft love music played in the

background as he adjusted his clothes, preparing for what was meant to be the happiest day of his life.

A wedding.,A union.,A claim of the love he wished in his life (the love of Mellisa).

“Boss… Boss!” Goda burst in, breathless.Moris turned slowly, irritation flashing in his eyes.

“What is it?”

Goda couldn’t speak properly. He simply pointed toward Mellisa’s room, his hand shaking.

“Mellisa…!”

Moris snatched the note from him.and He read it once and Then again in Silence. And then he shouted loudly and angry.

“No…!” he muttered under his breath. Strengthening his hands muscle.

“No… no… NO!”

Rage exploded within him. He slammed his fists against the bed, his entire body shaking with fury.

“I knew it…” he growled. “I knew something like this would happen.” His voice dropped, becoming darker and more dangerous.

“If someone dares to challenge me… they must be ready to face the consequences.!”

Goda stood frozen. “I’m sorry, Boss…”

“Where are my men?” Moris demanded.

“They’re… all dead.”

For a moment, even Moris went still. Then he laughed softly—a cold, dangerous sound.

“I am the Beast,” he said slowly. “And anyone who dares me…i will crush him with my bare hands”

Despite everything, one thing burned within Moris more than anger was Not fear, Not revenge But obsession about Mellisa who was supposed to be his wife was gone.

Chapter 3

Night had fallen, but sleep refused to come.Melissa sat quietly on the sofa, her arms wrapped around herself as though she were trying to hold her broken pieces together. The room was silent, yet her thoughts were loud—too loud. She finally reached for the phone. Her fingers trembled slightly as she made the call.

“Hello…” came Tk’s voice from the other side.

“Hello… I’m not hungry,” she said softly, her voice heavy with exhaustion. “I just… need some water.”

“Alright,” Tk replied. “What about food?”

“I don’t want your food,” she said, her tone sharpening slightly. “Just let me go.”

There was a brief pause for a while then Tk replied

“Fine,” he said calmly. “When you’re ready to talk properly, let me know.”

The line went silent. A few moments later, Tk entered the room carrying a bottle of water. He found Melissa sitting exactly where he had imagined—lost in thought, her eyes distant, her cheeks still stained with tears.

“Here,” he said gently, placing the water near her. “You should drink.”

“Thank you,” she replied quietly. Then after a pause, she looked at him. “Can I ask you for a favour?”

“What kind of favour?” he asked.

“Please… let me go,” she said, her voice breaking slightly. “My mother… she could be in danger because of me.”

Tk chuckled softly—not out of cruelty, but disbelief.

“You laugh,” she said, her eyes filling again, “but imagine this was your sister. Imagine she was about to have a big wedding—everything planned, a five-star hotel booked, millions spent… and then suddenly, she disappears.” She swallowed hard. “How would you feel?”

Tk didn’t answer immediately.He remained silent for a while,

“It depends,” he finally said.

“On what?” she asked.

He looked at her carefully. “Can I ask you something first?”

She nodded.

“Do you love Moris?”

Melissa hesitated. “Yes… I do,” she said—but her voice lacked conviction.

Tk leaned slightly closer, his gaze steady. “And your late boyfriend… the one Moris killed,” he said quietly. “If he were still alive… who would you choose?”

The question hit her like a storm. She looked away, her voice soft, almost a whisper.

“It seems you already know everything about me…” she said. “Marshall… was my only hope. Even now… I still think about him. Even though he’s gone.” Melissa started crying.

Then Tk said “So why are you marrying someone you don’t love?” Tk asked gently.

She turned back to him, her eyes tired but honest. “How do you know I don’t love him?”

“Your eyes,” he replied simply. “They tell the truth.”

She let out a small, broken laugh. “I chose Moris because Marshall is gone,” she said. “Not because I truly love him.”

“Do you want that life?” Tk asked.

“No,” she admitted. “But I don’t have a choice. If I refuse… my parents will die.” Her voice cracked completely.

Tk stood up slowly.

“Alright,” he said. “Rest. We’ll talk tomorrow.”

“Wait,” she called out. “Has your boss returned?”

“Not yet,” he replied. “But he will.”

“Okay…”

He walked out, closing the door behind him. Left Melissa leaned back against the sofa, staring at the ceiling. Her heart was torn between fear and something deeper…A memory about her lover (Marshall.),she was thinking about His smile, His voice, The way he used to look at her—as if she was the only person who mattered in the world. Tears rolled silently down her face.

“Why did you have to leave me?” she whispered into the empty room.

Meanwhile, in another room, Tk stood before his boss.

“Boss… here is the recording,” he said, handing over the device.

“Good,” came the calm response. “How did she react?”

“Listen first,” Tk replied and The room fell silent as the recording played.

Outside, the night grew darker.A black Discovery GD6 engine roared to life. Inside it sat men whose faces were hidden—surgically altered, unrecognisable.A team moving in shadows who has a mission already in motion.

“Sam,” Tk said from the front seat, his voice low and controlled, “have you tracked them?”

“Yes,” Sam replied. “They’re at Vital Night club”

“Good,” Tk said. “Everyone, stay alert. We’re dealing with a beast… but remember —”He paused, his tone sharpening.“Even a beast cannot defeat a pack of angry lions.”

All men in the car nodded. "Tonight was not about war....Not yet...It was only the beginning."

And somewhere, far from all this chaos… A love that refused to die was slowly rising again.

Chapter 4

Moris’s Story

“My name is Moris.”His voice echoed in his own mind as he sat alone, staring into nothingness—yet seeing everything.“I was raised in the town of Shurugwi… in a place called Drew Park.”

His childhood had not been ordinary. Wealth had surrounded him from the beginning. His father had been a powerful businessman—a millionaire with influence, respect, and control. There had never been a day when Moris lacked anything.Except… something he never understood at the time was .Love. “I was their only child,” he murmured softly. But money had filled the house more than warmth ever did.

One afternoon, everything changed.Moris had been driving aimlessly, exploring unfamiliar places, chasing nothing in particular—until he arrived in a location called Mgakushla. That’s where he saw Melissa.She stood there, radiant without trying, her

beauty effortless, natural… For a moment, the world had stopped. But then— Moris' eyes narrowed.

Melissa was not alone.She was laughing… smiling… leaning into another man.A man who looked nothing like him . Just an Ordinary,Simple, Unworthy man. Something twisted inside Moris. He drove past them slowly, his jaw tightening. Moments later, he parked near a small bar and bought a bottle of whisky. He took a sip.It tasted like nothing Because his mind was no longer there ,It was still with Melissa. Moris asked himself alot of questions.

"Who is she?"

"Why him? Just a common dirty guy dating a beautiful angel like this hhhmmm no !"

"But where she lived" These questions burned inside Moris.

Not long after, the man left—getting into a small car and driving away, leaving Melissa standing alone.That was his moment....Moris stepped out of his car and walked towards her, his confidence returning like armour.

“Hello,” he said with a faint smile. “My name is Moris Mandima. I live in Drew Park… you’ve probably heard of it.”

She looked at him, calm but unimpressed.

“I’m Mellisa Ncube,” she replied simply,Her voice was soft—but firm.

“And the man you were with?” Moris asked casually. “Is he your boyfriend?”

“Yes,” she answered without hesitation. “He is.” Her honesty struck him harder than any insult.

He forced a small laugh. “I see… nothing wrong with asking.”

She turned slightly. “I should go home now. It’s getting late.”

“Where do you stay?” he asked quickly.

She pointed behind her. “Just there… in Mgakushla.”

“Let me walk you,” he insisted.

She shook her head. “No. Why would you do that?” she said. “Kindness doesn’t come without a reason.”

Moris smiled slightly.“Because I like you.”

She stopped walking.and turned to face him fully.

“I don’t like you,” she said calmly. “And the man you saw? He’s not just my boyfriend… we’re planning to get married.”Her words landed like a blade to Moris

“Please… leave me alone.” She walked away.

And for the first time in a long time ,Moris felt rejected. That night, he didn’t sleep. He lay awake, staring into darkness, replaying her words over and over again.

“I don’t like you.”

His fists clenched tightly.

“No…” he whispered. “Whether she likes it or not… she will be mine.”

The next morning, his decision was already made.There would be no hesitation, No patience ,No permission.He dressed sharply, his movements precise and controlled. His team stood ready beside him—men who followed orders without question.

“Prepare the car,” he commanded.

The engine roared to life outside and Within minutes, they were on their way. And they travelled to Melissa's home and they arrived at Melissa’s home. Her parents came out, confused by the sudden presence of luxury and power at their doorstep. Moris stepped forward, his confidence overwhelming. Without hesitation… he knelt. “Kwaziwai,” he greeted respectfully. “I am here to marry your daughter.” The room fell into stunned silence. Even Melissa herself froze when she entered. Their eyes met. And in that moment—She recognised him and inside her mind Fear replaced confusion.

“I don’t know this man,” she said quickly. “My boyfriend is Marshall… he was here yesterday.”

Her father looked between them, uncertain. But Moris did not lose composure. Instead… he smiled. Then he did something that changed everything. He pushed a suitcase forward. Inside it was a lot of Money. Stacks upon stacks of US dollars . At this time Power Influence Control.

“Your daughter is now mine,” he said coldly.

Her father hesitated.and Her mother too remained silent.The air grew heavy and Melissa’s heart raced.

“Please… don’t do this,” she whispered. But Moris was no longer asking but He was demanding

Morris put marriage papers on a table and told Melissa to sign but she refused to sign the marriage papers…now everything turned dark. Moris gave the order. Mellisa 's mother was grabbed. And a knife pressed against her.

“Sign,” Moris said quietly.“Or she dies.”

By this time ,Tears filled Melissa’s eyes as her body trembled uncontrollably.She was worried about, Her love.,Her freedom.,Her future.,All collapsing in one moment. Slowly…With shaking hands .She signed.Moris smiled ,returning the papers in a file. "And just like that—" Melissa was no longer free.But one thing what Moris didn’t realise Was that true love never die so easily.

Somewhere far away A man she loved and she thought he was gone forever was still breathing, Still fighting to recover, Still coming back for revenge. .....

Chapter 5 — Converted to Proper UK English

From “Dirty Love Story”

Chapter 5

“Boss, we have organised everything, so what happens next?” asked Goda.

“Yes, good. Make sure that girl is kept somewhere safe. She must not be harmed or neglected. If she wants food, give it to her properly, understood?”

“Yes, Boss.”

“Good. Tell Dinie to dress her nicely. I will come shortly because I want to see her looking smart and presentable.”

“Alright, Boss.”

“Go and do exactly as I said.”

Goda left Moris’s room and walked towards the room where Dinie and Mellisa were staying. He explained everything Moris had instructed.

Dinie wasted no time. She quickly gathered an elegant dress, a pair of high-heeled shoes, and several makeup kits. Within only five minutes, Mellisa had been transformed into a truly stunning young woman. She was exceptionally beautiful. Her natural elegance had become even more noticeable, and even the way she walked had changed gracefully. Her smile alone was enough to capture anyone's attention.As Mellisa admired herself in the mirror quietly, she was startled by a voice behind her.

"Beautiful, isn't she?"

Mellisa immediately turned around and saw Moris standing there. The moment she saw him, painful memories of Marshall's murder rushed back into her mind.

"You are Satan, Moris," she said bitterly. "You murdered an innocent man, and one day God will judge you for what you did."

Moris's expression darkened instantly.

"Who are you calling Satan? How dare you speak to me like that!"

"I am not afraid of you," Mellisa replied firmly. "Even if you glare at me with those terrifying eyes, or twist your face in anger, I will never fear you. And I will never marry you."

Moris laughed coldly. "You think I am joking, don't you? Listen carefully — nobody dares challenge me here. I can destroy anyone because of you."

"I do not care," Mellisa answered. "I do not love you."

"What if I bought you the latest Mercedes-Benz?"

"I do not care about cars, and do not think your dirty money impresses me." Moris clenched his fists angrily.

"You are beginning to irritate me," he growled. "Now listen carefully. You only have two choices. Either you agree to marry me, obey me, and make me happy… or I kill your mother immediately."

"I said I will never marry you."

Moris smiled dangerously. "Very well then. Goda, bring her in."

Goda entered the room dragging Mellisa's mother, whose hands were tied. A black sack covered her face. She was thrown onto the floor in front of Mellisa before the sack was removed.

Moris laughed softly.

“So, what were you saying earlier? I am giving you five minutes to choose. Mother, if your daughter refuses to cooperate, you only have five minutes left to live.”

He then turned towards Dinie.“Dinie, do your job.”

Dinie took a heavy whip and struck Mellisa’s mother hard across the back.

She screamed in pain as blood immediately began to flow from the wound.

“Mellisa, my child! They are going to kill me!”

Mellisa remained kneeling silently, trembling. She lowered her head as countless thoughts raced through her mind.

Surely they will not really kill her… I hate this monster. He murdered Marshall. Why is all of this happening to me? But Mother is badly hurt… what should I do?

Moris suddenly stood up angrily.

“I can see you do not care about your mother’s life. Fine then — I shall send her to the world of the dead myself.”

He raised his gun and pointed it directly at her mother’s head.

At that very moment, Mellisa broke down completely.

“Moris, please! Please do not do this! I will marry you! I beg you, please spare my mother. Prepare the wedding papers — even if it is next week — I will marry you!”

Moris stared at her suspiciously.

“You think I am a fool?”

“No, Moris, I swear. Just let my mother go, please!”

Moris turned towards his men.

“Untie her and take her to our private hospital. Make sure she receives proper treatment. Afterwards, we will decide how she returns home.”

He then knelt beside Mellisa’s mother and quietly said,

“Sorry, Mum.”

After speaking, he stood up and walked out of the room, leaving Mellisa sitting there in tears.Later, Moris and Mellisa travelled to RB — Red Beast Hotel — where they booked a luxurious five-star suite. They completed all the necessary wedding

paperwork, and Moris arranged a lavish international wedding ceremony worth nearly two million US dollars.

The two spent the entire day moving around town organising wedding preparations before eventually returning home.When they arrived, they found Mellisa’s mother already discharged from hospital.Moris took the keys from his Discovery vehicle and handed them to Mellisa.

“Give these to your mother and tell her they are an apology from her son-in-law. Then go to Goda and tell him to escort her to the house I bought for her in town. I do not want her staying in that poor compound anymore.”

“Alright… thank you, Moris,” Mellisa replied quietly.

Chapter 6 — A Love That Refused to Die

Marshall slowly opened his eyes, his vision blurred by the bright hospital lights above him. A sharp pain travelled through his chest and back like fire crawling beneath his skin. For several seconds, he could not remember where he was, nor how he had arrived there. The only thing he remembered clearly was Mellisa’s face — frightened, beautiful, and stained with tears.

“Where am I…?” he whispered weakly, his voice dry and broken. “And who are you?”

The doctor standing beside his bed adjusted his glasses before speaking in a calm tone.

“Congratulations, Mr. Marshall Lawrence,” he said gently. “Your operation was successful. The bullet wound in your back was severe, but we managed to save your life. You are safe now.”

Marshall stared at the man in confusion.

“And you are?” , he pointed toward the doctor with a low balance finger

“I am Doctor Frensham,” he replied with a faint smile. “I have been overseeing your treatment since the day you were brought here.”

Before Marshall could ask another question, the ward door swung open and Tk rushed inside alongside Sam. Relief immediately flooded their faces the moment they saw their boss awake.

“Boss!” Tk shouted emotionally. “Thank God… thank God you survived!”

Marshall looked at them carefully, still weak but alert.

“Tk… what happened to me?” Tk lowered his eyes briefly.

“It is a very long story, Boss,” he answered quietly. “But what matters most is that you are alive. We almost lost you.”

Marshall leaned back slowly against the pillow, exhaustion weighing heavily on him.

“I need to rest,” he murmured. “We will talk later.” Tk nodded respectfully.

“Rest well, Boss. We are here.”

That evening, after numerous medical examinations and scans, Marshall was finally discharged from the international hospital in the United Kingdom. The doctors still warned him to avoid stress, but Marshall’s mind was already far away.His mind remained trapped in Zimbabwe, thinking about his lover ,Mellisa.

Marshall, Tk and Sam, flight back home felt endless. Inside Marshal's mind every passing hour deepened the storm inside him. He could still hear Mellisa’s laughter in his memories, still remember the softness in her eyes whenever she looked at him before darkness invaded their lives.

Two weeks passed after his return to Zimbabwe. Though his body slowly healed, his heart remained wounded beyond repair. He spent most evenings sitting silently in

his luxurious bedroom in Kushland, staring out through the window with a cup of coffee resting between his fingers.

One afternoon, Tk burst into the room holding a wedding advertisement.

“Boss… look at this.”

Marshall took the paper lazily, but the moment his eyes landed on Mellisa’s name beside Moris’, his entire expression changed, His jaw tightened, His hands trembled,His breathing became dangerously heavy.

“Never,” he growled coldly. “As long as I am alive, this wedding will never happen.”

Tk watched him carefully and then he said “So what is the plan boss?”

Marshall slowly stood up despite the pain in his body. The anger in his eyes burned hotter than the wounds on his skin.

“We take her back,” he said firmly. “No mistakes. No unnecessary bloodshed. I want Mellisa brought here before 2AM .”

Tk nodded immediately. And then said “Understood, Boss.”

Marshall turned away and stared into the darkness outside his mansion.

“Mellisa suffered because of me once,” he whispered softly. “I will not allow her to suffer again, I AM THE VIPER ! NO ONE DARES ME !... I AM A DEADLY DANGEROUS LION WITH NO MERCY!"

Chapter 7 — The Beast Consumed By Rage

Moris sat alone in his mansion surrounded by expensive furniture, luxury cars, and armed guards, yet none of those things could comfort him.The disappearance of Mellisa had shattered his pride. He opened the dashboard of his vehicle and

carefully inspected the pistols hidden inside. His movements were restless and aggressive, like a wounded lion preparing for war.

“This is war now!,” he muttered bitterly to himself. “And I do not lose.” The thought of another man taking Mellisa away filled him with unbearable fury because to Moris, love was not tenderness. Love was possession. Love was control And Mellisa had become the one thing he refused to lose.

Goda watched his boss carefully as Moris repeatedly picked up his gun, placed it down, then picked it up again.

“Boss,” Goda said cautiously, “everyone in town fears your name already. Let us calm down first and think properly. If we rush blindly, we may destroy our own plans.” Moris remained silent.

“We can search every lodge, nightclub, restaurant, and bar,” Goda continued. “Someone must have seen something. Once we identify a suspect, we follow him until he leads us to Mellisa.”

Moris exhaled slowly.

“It sounds good,” he admitted. “But my instincts tell me this enemy is smarter than the average fool.”

The following morning, Moris and his team visited the hotel where Mellisa had vanished.Police officers were already investigating the scene. Inside the manager’s office, Moris received CCTV footage from the night of the kidnapping. After receiving the footage Moris and his team drove back home. The entire team gathered around the television to watch the recordings.

Masked men appeared on the screen, moving with frightening coordination and confidence. Their voices echoed through the room.

“Move quickly.”

“Do not remove your masks.”

“Sam, leave the letter.”

“Where is D.Man?”

Moris narrowed his eyes, the voices, the names everything began forming a pattern.

“Did you hear that?” Dinie asked nervously. “They called each other Sam, D.Man and Tate.”

“Yes,” Moris replied slowly. “And there was someone commanding them from outside.”

Perfect folded his arms.

“These men knew exactly what they were doing.”

Moris leaned back against the sofa before speaking in a dangerously calm voice. “We find them tonight.”

The room fell silent. “Split into groups,” Moris ordered. “Search every nightclub in town. If anyone recognises these faces or names, follow them immediately. I do not care how long it takes.”

He stood up slowly. “Any foolish man enough to challenge me,” he said coldly, “must be prepared his burial order or i will burn him alive ”

Chapter 8 — Seduction Beneath Neon Lights

The nightclub pulsed with loud music, flashing lights, and the scent of expensive alcohol. Tk sat calmly at a corner table when his eyes met Dinie’s across the crowded room. He smiled charmingly.

“Hello, beautiful,” he said smoothly.

Dinie approached cautiously, pretending innocence while secretly studying him.

“My name is Zex,” Tk lied confidently. “And yours?”

“Shantel,” she replied.

Tk bought drinks for both of them before sitting closer. But beneath Dinie’s smile, suspicion was growing rapidly.She recall the cctv vedio and she said inside her mind "His voice, His confidence,His movements,Everything about him reminded Dinie of the mysterious man from the kidnapping footage." Still, she remained patient. She knew rushing carelessly could ruin everything.

Tk leaned closer with a playful grin.

“You know,” he said softly, “you are too beautiful to be sitting alone in a place like this.”

Dinie laughed and started blushing

“And you speak too sweetly for a stranger.”

Tk’s eyes lingered on her face. “Then perhaps we should stop being strangers.”

For a moment, Dinie almost forgot why she had approached him. There was something dangerously attractive about his calm confidence. But she quickly regained control.

“If you truly want me to trust you,” she said carefully, “then tell me your real name, where you stay, your friends, your family… and what kind of work you do.”

Tk froze slightly.Inside, his mind became chaotic."This woman knows something" Yet he forced himself to remain calm.

“There is too much noise in here,” he replied casually. “Let us continue this conversation outside where it is quiet.”

Dinie secretly sent a message to Moris.*Suspect found.* Then she followed Tk outside. The cold night air wrapped around them as they walked together toward the vehicle. From a distance, Perfect secretly watched every movement. The moment they entered the car, everything changed.The doors opened violently and weapons appeared.Dinie reached for her gun but found cold metal pressed against her head first.

“Stay still,” Tk warned.

The vehicle accelerated into the darkness.Behind them, Perfect fired bullets helplessly while Moris arrived seconds too late.

“Dinie has been kidnapped!” Perfect shouted.

Moris exploded with rage,His fists clenched,His breathing became heavy,His eyes darkened with murderous fury.

“This dirty pig is playing with fire,” he growled. “And fire eventually burns everything.”

Chapter 9 — The Ghost Of A Dead Man

Blindfolded and tied up tightly, Dinie was dragged into a luxurious mansion hidden deep within Kushland.Fear consumed her. The silence inside the house felt unnatural. Tk ordered the others to untie her and place her in a downstairs room before locking the doors.

Hours later, another door opened elsewhere in the mansion.Tk entered Mellisa's room.She was seated quietly on the sofa watching television, but her thoughts were clearly elsewhere.

"Tk," she said softly, "who is the owner of this house! is this really? Or im dreaming "

Tk hesitated, "Why do you ask?"

"I found documents with the name Marshall Lawrence," she replied carefully. "But Marshall is dead… I saw him die."

Tk immediately avoided her eyes. "I do not know anything about that," he answered quickly.

But Mellisa remained unconvinced.

The next morning, Marshall himself entered Dinie's room.The moment she saw him standing there alive, she screamed in terror. "A ghost!" she cried hysterically. "You are supposed to be dead!" Marshall slowly removed his shirt and turned around, revealing the scars left behind by bullets and surgery.

"I survived," he said quietly. "Moris failed to kill me."

Dinie stared at him in complete shock. The dead man standing before her looked exhausted, wounded, but undeniably alive.Marshall sat opposite her calmly.

"My battle is with Moris," he explained. "Not with you."

"Then why am I imprisoned here?" she demanded.

Marshall's eyes hardened. "Because I need your loyalty."

Dinie frowned. "You can never trust me."

Marshall leaned forward slowly. "You only have two choices," he said coldly. "Work for me… or die with Moris."

The room became painfully silent. Dinie suddenly realised she had stepped into a war far bigger than she had imagined.

Chapter 10 — Hunting The Enemy

The following morning, Moris gathered his entire team around a laptop.Perfect had managed to capture photographs during the chase.Moris zoomed into the image carefully before his expression shifted.

“This man…” he murmured. “His name is Tawanda Mudara.”

Len immediately pointed at the screen.

“Yes, Boss. That is the same voice from the hotel recordings.”

Goda nodded.

“We need his full background. Family, girlfriend, workplace — everything.”

Moris began searching through databases until detailed information appeared.

“Tawanda Mudara,” he read aloud. “Also known as Tk. Works at Redrock Supermarket as a security guard. Girlfriend: Emaculate Mhizha.”

Suddenly, another discovery appeared.The registration number of the getaway vehicle.Discovery GD6. Owner: Marshall Lawrence.The room immediately fell silent.

“But Marshall died,” Perfect whispered.

Moris slowly leaned back in disbelief.

“No,” he replied darkly. “Marshall survived.”

For the first time, everything finally made sense.The kidnapping.The strategy.The coordination.The revenge.Moris smiled bitterly.

“So the dead man has returned.”

His eyes slowly darkened.

“Good,” he whispered coldly. “That means I can kill him properly this time.”

The following morning, Moris and his team travelled into Mgakushla searching for Emaculate.Even schoolchildren refused to betray her location despite large amounts of money being offered.Moris became increasingly frustrated.For the first time in years, fear began creeping quietly into his heart.Not fear of death.But fear of losing Mellisa forever.

Chapter 11 — A Heart Torn Between Two Men

Mellisa stood alone beside the bedroom window staring into the night sky. The mansion around her was beautiful, luxurious, and heavily guarded, yet it still felt

like a prison.Every single day, her mind drifted back to Marshall .She was thinking about His laughter.His kindness,The warmth of his embrace and She believed he was dead.Yet something deep inside her heart refused to let him go.That same evening, Marshall watched her secretly through hidden cameras installed throughout the mansion.Even after everything she had suffered, her beauty still left him speechless.But it was not merely her beauty that haunted him.It was the sadness living inside her eyes.

“She no longer smiles the same way,” he whispered painfully.

Tk stood beside him silently.

“Boss,” he said carefully, “do you still love her after everything?”

Marshall smiled faintly.

“Love does not disappear simply because pain enters the story,” he answered softly. “Sometimes pain only deepens it.”

Meanwhile, far away, Moris sat alone drinking expensive whiskey in complete darkness.For the first time in his life, he felt powerless.The woman he loved feared him.The man he thought he had killed had returned. And a dangerous war had begun. Yet despite all the hatred, violence, and betrayal surrounding them, one truth remained impossible to erase .Every decision being made by both Marshall and Moris was driven by the same woman,Mellisa. The woman both men were willing to destroy the world for.

Chapter 12 — The Reunion Their Hearts Had Waited For

Late that night, Dinie suddenly woke up and noticed that Mellisa was still sitting on the edge of the bed, her chin resting softly in her palms while her eyes remained fixed in the darkness. The room was silent, yet Mellisa's heart was louder than the midnight wind outside.Dinie watched her for a moment before sitting up slowly.

"Mellisa," she whispered gently, "what is wrong again? It is already late. At least try to sleep tonight."

Mellisa shook her head weakly. "How can my heart rest," she replied painfully, "when I have not yet seen the man who gave my soul peace?"

Dinie smiled faintly.Sometimes, true love needed no explanation.It could be seen in sleepless eyes, trembling voices, and the way someone whispered another person's name as if it were a prayer.

"Do not worry," Dinie said softly. "Tomorrow I will take you to him."

Mellisa immediately lifted her head.

"To him?" she asked breathlessly. "You mean… Marshall?"

Dinie nodded slowly.

"Yes. Tomorrow."

For the first time in many days, life slowly returned to Mellisa's face. A soft smile escaped her lips while tears gathered inside her eyes.

"Really?" she whispered emotionally.

"Yes," Dinie answered warmly. "First, you will see the man your heart truly belongs to. After that, we will worry about Moris later."

Mellisa's eyes became heavy with emotion.For so long, she had carried pain inside her chest like a wound that refused to heal.Yet suddenly, hope had returned.

"Are you happy now?" Dinie asked playfully.

Mellisa smiled through tears.

"Yes."

"Then sleep, sweet girl," Dinie laughed softly.

Mellisa finally lay down beneath the blanket, but that night her heart refused to sleep completely.Every second felt too slow.Every minute felt endless.All she could think about was Marshall.

The next morning, the two girls packed their clothes quietly and boarded a bus travelling toward Shurugwi. Throughout the journey, Mellisa remained unusually silent, her hands tightly folded together while her heart raced uncontrollably inside her chest.She was afraid.Afraid of disappointment.Afraid of heartbreak.Afraid that maybe she was only chasing a memory of a man who no longer existed.By midday, the bus finally arrived.They boarded a taxi heading toward Kushland.As the vehicle approached Marshall's mansion, Mellisa's breathing became uneven. Her palms grew cold with nervousness.What if he truly was alive?What if she saw him again? What if the love she had buried inside herself suddenly returned stronger than before?The gate slowly opened after Dinie knocked.Sam welcomed them first.

"Aah, Dinie… you are back!"

"Yes," Dinie smiled. "How are you, Sam?"

"I am good," he replied before his eyes shifted toward Mellisa. "And you?"

Mellisa forced a small smile.

"I am trying to survive."

Inside the mansion, Marshall sat alone working on his laptop when he suddenly heard Dinie's voice outside.His body froze.Immediately, he stood up and secretly placed a pistol inside his trousers, suspecting danger.But the moment he stepped toward the doorway, his eyes collided with Mellisa's.Time stopped.Neither of them moved.Neither of them breathed properly.Marshall felt his heartbeat explode violently inside his chest.Mellisa stared at him as though she had seen a miracle standing before her.Alive.Marshall Lawrence was alive.The man she had cried for.The man she believed had died because of her.The man her heart had never stopped loving.Without thinking, Mellisa ran toward him.Marshall barely had time to react before she threw herself into his arms.The embrace was desperate.Emotional.Painful.Beautiful.It felt like two broken souls finally finding home inside each other again.Everyone outside erupted into celebration, clapping and shouting joyfully after witnessing the reunion.Even hardened men like Sam and Tate smiled emotionally at the sight before them.Tk suddenly stepped outside alongside Emaculate and froze in complete shock.

"Mellisa!" he shouted happily. "Dinie!"

But Mellisa heard nothing else around her.Her world had narrowed down to one heartbeat.One embrace.One man.

She slowly pulled away from Marshall's chest and touched his face gently, as if afraid he might disappear again.

"You are alive…" she whispered shakily.

Marshall smiled softly while wiping away the tears falling from her cheeks.

“I told death,” he murmured lovingly, “that it could not take me before I saw you again.”

Mellisa broke down crying.

All the pain she had carried inside her finally escaped through tears.

“I thought I lost you forever,” she sobbed.

Marshall pulled her back into his arms protectively.

“Never,” he whispered near her ear. “Even death itself could not separate my heart from yours.”

At that moment, surrounded by danger, enemies, and unfinished wars, the two lovers finally understood one painful truth:

No matter how much darkness tried to destroy them…their love had survived it all.